

THE DAILY  
SHORT STORY

## Lilacs and a Lady.

By CRAWFORD LUTTRELL.  
(Copyright, 1920, by the McClure  
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SHE had loved Gordon Wilson ever since she could remember, but his attitude toward her was the same big brother interest that he showed his own sister, Anne. He weakened her ear and made fun of the little line of freckles that dusted her aristocratic looking nose. He told her about his intermittent spasms of love for various girls, most of whom were visiting favorites. In other words, Gordon loved so many that Peggy felt there was some balm for her own headache in that very symptom. No affair had ever lasted long enough to cause her any real anxiety.

She was having a cup of tea with Anne late one spring afternoon, both of them seated on a big tufted davenport that was drawn up hospitably before a cheery little blaze that seemed to take the chill out of the wide living room when Gordon came in.

"Hello, girls! I'm just in time for some jam cake, huh? Say, Peg, I sure did like that new hat I saw you wearing on F street today. Sorry I couldn't stop and take you for a spin, but I had a rich old prospect from Podunk or some other equally famous place, and I knew if he got out of my car without buying it he would enterprising automobile salesman might beat me to it. I put the deal over and sold a roadster besides. Hence my ability to leave the shop early and play the role of gentleman of leisure."

He sat down between the two girls and helped himself generously to cake that was piled in thick, luscious slices on the tea cart. He pushed the cart toward Peggy. "Pour me some tea, child! I need refreshment. How did you like that girl I had at the dance last night? She's a regular girl, believe me! She's as bright as a dollar and she has good looks, too. Did you ever see such eyes and such wonderful hair?"

"Pshaw, Gordon, you've heard that she is worth a cool million," said Anne laughing. "That accounts for your ideas of the golden tint in her hair and the sparkle in her eyes. You're thinking what that cash will do to help out in these days of the H. C. L."

The young fellow set down his empty cup and looked around quizzically at his sister. "Well, being rich won't keep me from loving her, of course, Miss Romantic. I am going to take her to the theatre tonight and then supper at the club. What are you folks doing?"

"Peg's going to the Winters' dance with Jim Winter himself. Do you know, Peg, Jim's quite mad about you! I'll bet that he proposes to-night!"

Gordon turned suddenly. "Jim Winter! Gosh, he's got all the money there is, girls. And that home! It's a palace!"

Peggy has a wonderful frock to wear, orchid with touches of turquoise about it and a huge ostrich tail (turquoise, too). Anne told him, "You know Jim confided to me last night, Peg, that he thought you were the prettiest girl in this town. I'd like to hear what he will have to say about you tonight in that creation."

Gordon cupped the girl's chin in his hand and turned her face to the light. "I'll swear, Peg, you are pretty, freckles and all! Look at me! Let's see your eyes!" he demanded.

Peggy felt the red creeping up from her beating throat. She put her little teeth together in an effort to keep her chin from quivering. He was so casual about it she must never by any chance let him know that those level gray eyes of his shook her heart as the wild March wind outside tossed the burgeoning boughs of trees.

Suddenly there was a strange, dawning light in those same gray eyes that were so close to her own.

"Well, they are pretty, aren't they?" asked Anne, watching the two with a little knowing smile on her lips.

Almost instantly, before he could frame a reply, Peggy stood up. "I'll have to run along now," she said breathlessly. She reached down for her big silver gray fox scarf that she had tossed on a chair nearby.

All at once, courage, born of that strange look that had lighted Gordon's eyes for one brief second, possessed her. "If I decide to be Mrs. Winter, Anne, shall I call you tonight, even if it is late?"

"I want to be the very first to know, you dear," Anne acknowledged. "You're silly if you don't marry Jim, with his good looks and all that money. You'll be a real princess out of a fairy tale!"

"I'll take you home," said Gordon. "My car is on the drive."

"Won't it make you late for your engagement?" suggested Peggy. "It's nearly seven now, glancing at her wrist watch."

"That won't matter," exclaimed Gordon mechanically.

"I'll run her home in your car, bud," offered Anne maliciously. "You can be dressing while I am gone. You'll have to have dinner, too, you know."

Gordon was struggling into a light topcoat. "Ready, Peg?" he questioned eagerly.

"They breathed the heavy fragrance of purple lilacs as they rode slowly down the long driveway before the house. Stars glimmered brightly overhead. A little silver sickle of a moon quivered in the west. All the faint, sweet music of springtime saturated the soft night air."

"Lilacs make me think of you," said Gordon quietly in a voice that not even Peggy could mistake for a brotherly tone.

She clasped her gloved hands tightly in her lap and looked away where swiftly moving clouds seemed to be rocking the little silver cradle of a moon in the sky.

"We've known each other ever since we could walk, haven't we, Peggy?" asked Gordon in a voice that was still subdued.

She answered in a monosyllable, not daring to trust her own voice.

Tulle Drape on  
Crepe Meteor  
Evening Gown

By CORA MOORE

New York's Fashion Authority.

NEW YORK, March 11.—Here is an adaptation from a gown worn by Margaret Lawrence in "Wedding Bells."

The material is crepe meteor in a blue, somewhat softer than turquoise, with a silvery tone. The hip-yoke is of plain silver cloth of subdued sheen, while the corslet, which, like most of the present day corsages, is fashioned on a soft silk brassiere foundation, is of blue and silver brocade. This corslet is held up by chains of silver cord and then from the top of the corslet at the back, there falls a scarf of blue tulle that is caught up with the skirt and from which falls a long narrow train of the silver brocade.

thing is nearly beating out of me," he laughed shakily.

Still Peggy could not find her voice. There seemed to be something thick, binding, in her throat. It contracted painfully when she tried to swallow.

"If you can't feel it, perhaps you can hear it," he argued, and gently, ever so gently for big, brotherly Gordon, he put his arm around her, silver fox furs and all, and drew her head in its close-fitting little turban to a place where his heart hammered under her cheek.

"Oh, littlest one," he whispered softly when she did not resist, "it's been you all the time, and I have been such a fool I didn't realize how dear you were, how blank this old world suddenly seemed when I thought of it with you to love. I love you, girl. Could you even think about me as—as a husband?" His big rich voice was trembling with eagerness. The little turban tilted drunkenly over one ear as he strained her to him. "Is—is it Jim Winter? He has looks, money, everything—but, girl, nobody could love you as I do."

"Do you think for one second, Gordon Wilson, that I would let any man but you kiss me—like this?" asked Peggy, suddenly finding her recreant voice.

BOYS' CLOTHING NEEDED  
The Red Cross wishes boys' clothing and anyone having some they are willing to donate for a worthy cause may leave it at the Red Cross rooms or call 42 and it will be called for.

There are two little boys at Norwood, one two years old, and the other four years, who are badly in need of clothing and shoes. Garments of all kinds to fit a ten year old boy can also be used nicely and the Red Cross will be very appreciative of donations.

His Quietus  
Mrs. Knott—Didn't your husband rave when you showed him the dress-maker's bill?

Mrs. Spott—Rather.  
Mrs. Knott—And how did you quiet him?

Mrs. Spott—I showed him the milliner's and then he became simply speechless.—London Tit-Bits.

Tests have been completed on new type of airplane engine, which will be silent, and from which the danger of fire in the air has been removed.

ADVENTURES  
OF THE TWINS  
by Olive Roberts Barton

## The Polka-Dot Elephant.

The first thing the twins saw in Topsy-Turvy Land was a polka-dot elephant in a bib, eating bread and milk out of a blue china bowl.

The elephant got right up when he saw Nancy and Nick, and invited them to supper. "I'm so glad you've come," he said, happily. "I was beginning to get very lonely."

"Do you have much company?" asked Nick.

"Oh, yes, quite a lot," answered the elephant, gussily setting out bowls and spoons. "I'll tell you my story while you are eating. I always tell my story to my guests. But it's the only story I know and my old friends get tired of it. I'm glad you're fresh ones!"

Nancy and Nick wanted to tell about the mushroom and their green shoes, but the polka-dot elephant didn't give them a chance. He started right in.

"It was a circus elephant," he said. "I did tricks and the people clapped. I had a dear little rider who wore a polka-dot dress and ate out of a



blue china bowl. She was very sweet and light as thistle-down. At meal time her mama tied a bib on her and gave her bread and milk and a kiss. And I got to thinking how nice it would be, to be dainty like her and have a bib and be kissed. One day I woke up and here I was, polka-dot and all. But no one will kiss me!"

"Oh, I will!" cried Nancy, doing so at once, which pleased the elephant so, he turned pink to his ears.

"Have some more milk," he said.

"No, thank you. We can't stay," said Nancy. "We're on an adventure. If you see a stray toy monkey, will you let us know?"

"Sure," said the elephant, obligingly. "And I'll tell him my story till you come."

## CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, 1920, by the N. E. A.)

Chrys Wants to Go In Search of Daddy With Spiritual Aid.

"I vow that I will set out in search of Daddy under spirit guidance," Chrys said defiantly. "And I will start as soon as I get a little more testimony about him."

"My dear! My dear!" I exclaimed. "I have gone through some terrible experiences which I haven't courted and haven't wanted, but I am a very mild little adventurer compared to you—if you take a ghost for a guide! I tried, at least, to take along a little common sense. Surely, Chrys, you'll never cut loose from your home and fellow instructions you obtain from that spelling board? How about Jordan Spence?"

"I'll do just that," she replied. "Jordan Spence loves me as I love him. He will humor me."

"I don't feel so sure about that," I said. "For the love of love, Chrys, let us accept all this supernatural nonsense—as literature. But let us not act in accordance with it."

"If the thing is true at all, it must be a guide to conduct," was the rejoinder. I was reminded for the hundredth time that Bob's only sister is a born fanatic when she sets out to have her own way. They say that she inherits her spirit from an ancestor whom Queen Mary burned at the stake.

"Listen to reason, Chrys. We'll hear from Daddy soon. He will cable us again, you'll see, when they make the next harbor. I, for one, have had all the adventure I want for a cycle of blue moons. I'm going to be passive and not interfere with the fates. Maybe that is a good theory—it's popular, but none of the Lormiers have ever experimented with it. Well, I'm going to pretty soon Bob and I are going to open up our own little house again. And I am going to drift with the tide of life. I guess I'll be as happy as I have been while leading a strenuous life."

"Welcome destiny in however sinister a disguise," quoted Chrys, with a shrug.

I shivered. I couldn't help it. Our long talk had excited me. I knew that Chrys can be a horribly perverse when her pet plans are not received with enthusiasm. Sometimes her own respect for her communications with the unseen effect her speech and her manners and she really looks like a magnificent sibyl or prophetess of ancient days.

Perhaps the conversation with the ghost had made me creepy. I couldn't imagine any kind of a sinister destiny attached to my pretty little home, nevertheless, I shuddered and had to force a little vivacity into my voice when I answered:

"I'll take my luck a day at a time, my dear."

"The luck you need is some kind of a steady job for that husband of

Easy to Make This  
Pine Cough Remedy

Thousands of families swear by its prompt results. Inexpensive, and saves about \$2.

You know that pine is used in nearly all prescriptions and remedies for coughs. The reason is that pine contains several peculiar elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membranes of the throat and chest. Pine is famous for this purpose.

Pine cough syrups are combinations of pine and syrup. The "syrup" part is usually plain sugar syrup.

To make the best pine cough remedy that money can buy, put 2½ ounces of Pinex in a pint bottle, and fill up with home-made sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you make a full pint—more than you can buy ready-made for three times the money. It is pure, good and very pleasant—children take it eagerly.

You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means relief. The cough may be dry, hoarse and tight, or may be persistently loose from the formation of phlegm. The cause is the same—inflamed membranes—and this same Pinex and Syrup combination will stop it—usually in 24 hours or less. Splendid, too, for bronchial asthma, hoarseness, or any ordinary throat ailment.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is famous the world over for its prompt effect upon coughs.

Beware of substitutes. Ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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for  
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"The Best Place to Shop, After All"

## SUITS

YOU'LL find it both profitable and pleasant to inspect our new modes for Spring. Suits are developed in a host of excellent materials and in so many distinctive styles it is a fascinating task to make your selections here. If it's a temperamental little ripple or an Eton-jacket style you prefer your wish may be gratified for display embraces both of these and every other feature of correct fashioning. The prices asked are—

\$35.00 to \$125.00

Just a word about irregular sizes. We have provided an excellent assortment of Suits (and all garments as well) in the large, stout sizes and in the small, half sizes. Every woman who comes here is certain to be comfortably and correctly fitted.



## COATS

NARROW belts are very much in evidence on many of the Coats of Spring—and, again, many of the Coats are loose and cape-like with not the least sign of a belt. The beauty of possessing a new Coat this season lies in the fact that yours will be different and distinctive from all the others you will see if you will select it from our tempting displays. All the accepted stylish fabrics—all the smart Spring colors are represented here. Our prices are very modest as one glance through our stocks will prove to you.

\$25.00 to \$75.00



## FROCKS

CHOOSE a Frock that will accentuate your individual charms. Long lines, short lines, straight lines and draped lines—in other words, lines to suit each and every type of figure are represented among our exceptionally large assortments of Spring Frocks. These new modes are fashioned of taffeta, satins of various kinds, jerseys, tricotines, tricolette and the ever desirable serge. Navy blue continues to be very much in favor yet there are other colors—and figured patterns, too—very becoming for Spring wearing.

\$20.00 to \$95.00

Without Doubt, the Largest Assortment  
Of Fine Quality Spring Hats is Here Now



## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM FEELS LIKE A PIKER.)—BY ALLMAN.

